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HUNTING IN THE FAR NORTH.

Arctic Sport as Described by Nimrod John R. Bradley.

HIS JOURNEY WITH DR. COOK

How He and the Explorer Killed Polar Bears and Walrus Near Etah—A Baby Walrus In a Motorboat—Eskimos as Game Protectors.

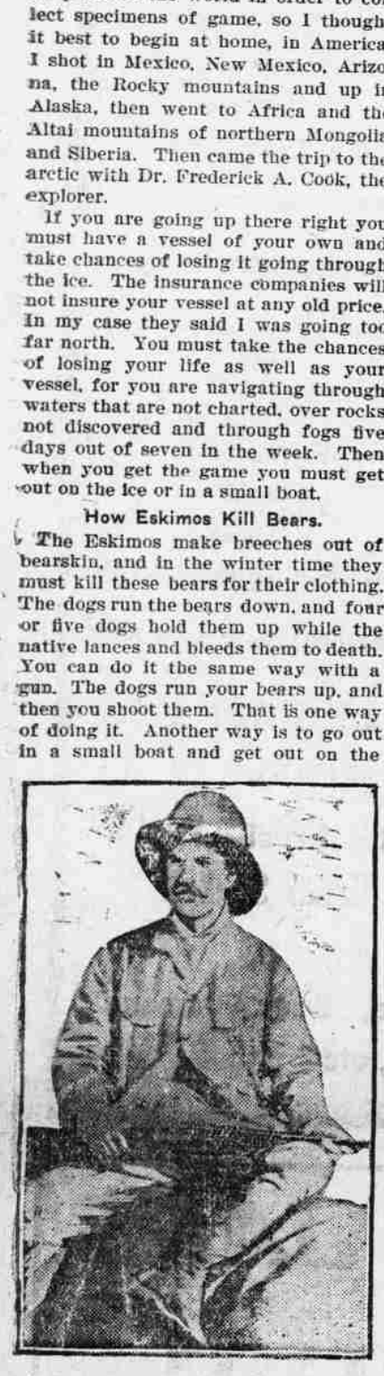
By JOHN R. BRADLEY,
Who paid the cost of the Cook expedition.
[By courtesy of Recreation Magazine.]

I started some years ago to shoot in all parts of the world in order to collect specimens of game, so I thought it best to begin at home, in America. I shot in Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, the Rocky mountains and up in Alaska, then went to Africa and the Altai mountains of northern Mongolia and Siberia. Then came the trip to the arctic with Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer.

If you are going up there right you must have a vessel of your own and take chances of losing it going through the ice. The insurance companies will not insure your vessel at any old price. In my case they said I was going too far north. You must take the chances of losing your life as well as your vessel, for you are navigating through waters that are not charted, over rocks not discovered and through fogs five days out of seven in the week. Then when you get the game you must get out on the ice or in a small boat.

How Eskimos Kill Bears.

The Eskimos make breeches out of bearskin, and in the winter time they must kill these bears for their clothing. The dogs run the bears down, and four or five dogs hold them up while the native lances and bleeds them to death. You can do it the same way with a gun. The dogs run your bears up, and then you shoot them. That is one way of doing it. Another way is to go out in a small boat and get out on the



JOHN R. BRADLEY, HUNTER AND EXPLORER

ice and chase them up. They are not as dangerous as people think they are. The polar bear, for instance, doesn't seem to charge as the grizzly bear does. The polar bear has to swim to you, seated in your boat, and I killed one of them once when I was in by pajamas. I was lying one morning in the schooner in which we were cruising, reading a book, when the man at the helm hollered out "Polar bear!" I came out on deck and saw one on the ice. I got my gun without thinking of putting on my clothes. There were two men out in a dory, all excited.

I said, "Don't get excited; row up to the bear."

The bear weighed eight or nine hundred pounds, and he was on a cake of ice about three or four acres square and four or five hundred yards from the vessel. As we rowed up to the bear he jumped off the ice and came toward us. Now and then he would rise partly out of the water to see what we were doing. At about seventy-five yards I hit him low in the shoulder, and he then swam to a little piece of ice. I hit him again, and he swam back to the big piece of ice. I told the men to get up closer, but they were afraid the bear would upset the boat. I said, "Row up alongside of him," and finally we got on the ice, where I killed him. Then I put a rope around him and towed him to the ship, and we yanked him up on the vessel. The dogs on the vessel were sitting there waiting until we could cut him up to get some to eat.

Harpooning the Walrus.

The most exciting sport is harpooning walrus, and this is the best sport in the arctic. They weigh between sixteen and seventeen hundred pounds, with good big ivory tusks. The natives kill them for meat for themselves and their dogs. Two go in a kayak and get close up on a bunch of walrus, generally on the ice sunning themselves. They get up to the walrus and maneuver around, setting up a piece of skin on the boat so that the animals can't see them. When they get in striking distance, at least twenty-five feet, they harpoon them. Harpoons are made of wood for the handle—driftwood, probably some hundreds of years old, which has been handed down from one generation to the other. The lances are made of ivory or cariboo horn. The line they use to tie the harpoon on to the float is of walrus hide. After they get the harpoon in the walrus they let go the float. They have a big sealskin blown up with air, a big air bag, and they let that go, and on that is a sort of sail, a four cornered thing made of sealskin, so that it will hold the walrus back from swimming too fast. After getting the harpoon into the walrus they back away. The animal has to get up every five minutes to breathe, and it tries to get up on the ice, and the men then throw a big ivory lance, and they keep on doing that until the animal bleeds to death.

I watched them one day for about two hours, getting one big walrus. I was in my motorboat at the time, and I said, "I can beat that way; I can kill walrus quicker than the natives can harpoon them." The first officer was at the wheel and Dr. Cook at the stern, and I had the whole boat, which was about thirty feet long, to myself. I had a harpoon, but was going to try to kill them with a rifle. You must hit them in the head—otherwise they will go into the water—and you must kill them with a steel bullet. So we maneuvered through the ice until we saw about thirty walrus on a pan of ice about 200 feet square. I said to my first officer, "Go up on the ice." We had heard how dangerous the walrus were—that they could easily kick a plank out of the boat. The first officer was rather afraid and said, "If a walrus gets in the boat I will hit him with an ax."

I said: "They can't catch this boat. Go right around and around and I will do the rest of it." There were about thirty walrus. I killed three of them and the others charged the boat, but as we went around they could not catch us. We secured the wounded walrus, cut them up and put them in the dory. We cached the meat for Dr. Cook's expedition.

Baby Walrus In a Boat.

The natives stack it up the same as wood and freeze it. I chased up a herd of females once—the males are generally together and the females are together with their young—I chased this bunch of eight or nine females. I didn't know they were females until after I had killed some of them. We got up pretty close and circled around, and as we did so I wounded some of them, among others one youngster. Then the whole bunch stood round the youngster, which weighed about 200 pounds. The mother was around this youngster, holding it up, and that gave me the chance to kill the old ones. Those in the dory began putting the harpoons in the old ones so they would not sink. I just wounded this youngster, which could not swim. Dr. Cook and I pulled him in the launch, and it almost upset the boat—he was about five or six months old—and all at once he began to flap and set up his fins. I was sitting on him, and he threw me off. I had to hit him over the head with an ax and kill him or he would have upset the boat. The natives all laughed. They thought it was such great fun getting this live walrus in a boat. We were about eight or ten miles from the vessel, so we tied those we had killed and pulled them up on the shore, eight in all. I went out the next day and killed five in the same place. I finally killed all there were in the herd. This was about eight miles from Etah, about 78.18 north latitude.

Then I used to go out and get arctic hares, which are really big rabbits. The natives make boots out of the sealskin and use the hares for their socks. Their underclothes consist of a shirt, for which they use auk. That is what they wear during the winter time, and Dr. Cook and all of his men wore the same. Sometimes there would be a school of walrus of one or two hundred, all together, very close to the vessel. They would come up to breathe, and I used to have a lot of fun harpooning them. We would tie them to the boat after harpooning them, and they'd give us a good ride, but they were quite liable to pull our boat over.

Dr. Cook and the Musk Ox.

The natives kill all this game with harpoons, for they have no other way, though in late years some of them have had Winchester rifles that Peary gave them. They are very curious and try to take the rifle apart to see how it is made, and then the rifles get out of commission. I left Dr. Cook fifteen rifles and plenty of ammunition, which he lent to the natives, with four or five cartridges each, and when they went out shooting they must bring in game for it, and then the rifles were taken away from them until they went out again.

There are plenty of musk oxen up in Ellesmere Land, which Dr. Cook encountered on the dash to the pole. When the natives kill these animals they freeze them and use every bit of them and pile them up for the dogs and the natives. They make caches at different points in crossing the island.

Hunting musk oxen in Ellesmere Land is not at all like hunting them in the far north of Canada. Away up there in Ellesmere they are not nearly so active and are more stupid. There is less sport in shooting them, of course, but Dr. Cook was concerned only in getting food.

The casual reader may have formed the conclusion that we did a lot of unnecessary promiscuous killing. On the contrary, we shot nothing which we did not need. There is nothing to be had for food and for making clothing in the far north but wild animals and fish. The most successful men in that part of the world are the best hunters. These primitive people, with all their low mentality, have much better ideas of game protection than the average American. And it is well, indeed, for their whole existence depends upon the fauna of that unhospitable region. Needless to say, they are all good hunters.

SINS OF THE FATHERS

By GEORGE A. PARKER.

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From an old manuscript:

I was born and reared on the coast of Norway. Until I was twenty years old I had never been in a town, and then only in a small village. My associates were untutored people, and I received but the elements of education. Nevertheless they seemed to look upon me as superior to themselves. Whether that was because I bore the marks of having been born of superior stock or that my name was English I did not know. My father died when I was ten years old, and I remembered him as always with a sad look on his face, which was reflected in my mother's. When I grew older I asked her why my father and she had always appeared sad. She could not bring herself to tell me the reason, and I remained in ignorance.

When I was twenty my mother died, and I resolved to leave the desolate place where I had been born and seek a more active field. Before going I made inquiries of a neighbor concerning my parents' sojourn in those parts and was told that they had come there several years before my birth and had for a time lived as gentle folk, but subsequently they dwelt as did their neighbors. My father had from his coming appeared to have a cloud on his mind. My mother had told me before her death that a sum of money had been put in a bank for me at the nearest town, and, going there, I claimed it and took passage for England.

On my arrival in London I went about looking for work. Going into the office of a merchant for the purpose, he asked me my name. When I told him he looked up at me in surprise.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

I told him all I knew about myself. He regarded me with compassion and gave me employment.

At intervals when introduced to a person I was regarded with a certain interest or curiosity—I could not tell which. I noticed that such persons were always of superior education. No illiterate person even manifested any especial interest in me. Sometimes these people who did would turn away from me with apparent disgust, while others regarded me compassionately. One day I asked my employer for an explanation of the mystery that hung over me. After thinking some time he told me that it would be better for me not to know it. He advised me to change my name.

I tried to be contented to remain in ignorance, but the secret weighed upon me, and I longed, yet dreaded, to know it. Finally I decided to try another country, thinking that whatever it was hung over me would not be known there. America seemed the most inviting ground, and I went to New York, reaching there shortly before the breaking out of the second war with England. Registering at a hotel, the clerk looked up from my name to me in astonishment.

"Well," I exclaimed, irritated, "what is it?"

"What is it? Why, nothing. Will you go to your room, sir?"

I found in America that more people showed that dreaded interest in my name than in England, and a different interest. On being introduced to me most persons showed a repulsion, though many strove to conceal it. I burned with a desire to know what it all meant; but, remembering the advice of my London employer, I refrained from asking, and no one offered to enlighten me. To occupy my mind I went to a library to read. There I stumbled on the secret.

The wisdom of the advice given me by my former employer was now apparent. Under an assumed name I enlisted in the American army to fight against England. I knew now that, though I had been born abroad, America was my native land. I burned to do some important work for her, to die for her on the field of battle.

There were no important engagements except that at New Orleans, which was fought after peace was declared. As I had entered the army, a private, I came out a private. Under my assumed name I went into business and prospered.

Then I fell in love. I had vowed that I would never bring a child into the world to suffer the blight under which I suffered, and I strove to crush the natural longing that had taken possession of me. My sufferings were tenfold what they had been before. Meanwhile it was evident that I had won the heart of the girl I loved. It was essential that I should explain my conduct toward her. I told her my secret.

She loved me all the more, from pity, that I suffered from another's fault. She reminded me that each successive decade would carry me and mine further from the original transgression and that my successors would feel it less than those of my own generation. Persuaded by this view, I asked her to marry me. I continued to live for a time under my assumed name, but when I joined the tide of emigration settling westward I resumed my own.

This is my secret. In the Revolutionary war an officer of great merit and prominence on the patriot side turned traitor, attempted to deliver to the British an important strategic position and fled to the enemy. Living in England, where he was despised, he brought up a family. My father, one of his descendants, shrinking from the stain, went where he would be unknown. He must have been an especially sensitive man, and I doubtless have inherited his disposition.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE

The partnership of Johnson and Johnson, owners of the Toggery, Corvallis, Oregon, has been this day dissolved, R. C. Herron having acquired the interests of J. C. Johnson and B. W. Johnson in the business, which will be hereafter conducted by C. V. Johnson and R. C. Herron, under the firm name of Johnson & Herron. The latter firm assumes and the liabilities of the business.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON.
JOHNSON & HERRON
Corvallis, Ore., Sept. 1, 1909 9-3-10t

Sister's Academy Opens Sept. 7th

The Academy of Our Lady of Perpetual Help will re-open on September 7th. By means of the new addition and the remodeling of the building the school is now equipped with all modern improvements, and with a corps of competent teachers may be depended upon to do thorough work both in the grades and high school course.

For particulars apply to Sister Superior, 225 West Ninth St., Albany, Oregon. 8-19 to 9-19.

Homes—Newport Property.

Sixty choice lots more or less in Newport, Oregon, (one of the most healthful and popular summer and winter resorts) for sale or will exchange for other good property. Property near Corvallis preferred. Will supply funds to buyers of these lots to build homes thereon. Address M. S. WOODCOCK, Corvallis, Oregon. thurs. tf